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TABLE OF CONTENTS

CALVIN B. WEST — *Frontispiece*

THE HISTORIAN AND THE GENEALOGIST — 51
by Mary Geneva Bloom

CALVIN B. WEST OF THE UMPQUA (VIII) — 53
By Reginald R. Stuart and Grace D. Stuart

ROARING CAMP REVISITED *by Roy F. Hudson* — 69

FROM HANNIBAL TO THE GOLD FIELDS IN 1849—THE REMINISCENCES OF CHARLES C. BRADY, PART III, *Edited by Glenn Price* — 77

EDITORIAL — 84

ANNUAL MEETING—CONFERENCE CALIFORNIA HISTORICAL SOCIETIES *by R. Coke Wood* — 85

THE HISTORY CALENDAR — 88

If you are a serious historian—want to know the pioneers first-hand—what they thought and how they talked—you will treasure this *Quarterly*.

The annual subscription is $3.00 and a membership in the Jedediah Smith Society at $5.00 per year includes a subscription to *The Pacific Historian*.

Each month we mail out a limited number of free copies. To insure the continuance of the *Historian*, we urge you to fill out and mail *at once* the *Enclosed Application Form*.

THE HISTORIAN AND THE GENEALOGIST

Lively interest at the present time in local and state history, with the consequent organization of many new historical societies, is matched by nation-wide activity in genealogical research and the forming of genealogical societies. The historian and the genealogist have much in common. Not every person interested in searching out and recording events of history is a true historian. Conversely, not all genealogists, despite some opinion to the contrary, are seeking merely to find forebears who fought in the American Revolution, or ancestors of royal lineage. The local history fan may have slight interest in the logical course of events: the influence of one occurrence upon another and the power of man's thinking to produce a sequence of actions. Similarly, it may be rightly said that the family historian may enjoy merely finding vital statistics and learning who his ancestors were, particularly pinpointing someone to be proud of—and no more. In either case it may be a form of pride that impels a person to search year after year for facts or evidence. Or it may be an ever present desire to know the past.

Among these enthusiasts in both camps, nevertheless, are those with characteristics of mind that sense and image the process of history. The historian has long been recognized. Acceptance of the genealogist for his historical methods and achievements is overdue.

What men do depends in part upon who they are: rich man, poor man, pilgrim, pioneer, et cetera. And who men are is a concern of the genealogist. In searching for a man's forebears, a family historian must inevitably learn of events, previously unknown to him, within the localities where these ancestors lived. It is common experience that after search and research, with failure and success of innumerable kinds, the genealogist becomes aware of the activity and the thinking that give character to a place at the time the ancestors lived there. Searching records to learn what part the ancestors played draws the genealogist further into the history of the smaller geographic area. At this point the personal interest temporarily dims as he sees local events merge into the larger national story—the story

[*Continued on page 86*]

Calvin B. West

CALVIN B. WEST OF THE UMPQUA

By Reginald R. Stuart and Grace D. Stuart

Continued from February Issue

VIII

An Idea Is Born

During the spring of 1854, a plan which, at first, seemed visionary, began to materialize. Though the small subscription schools might prove satisfactory for elementary instruction, the people of the Umpqua began to demand something better for the community. West's diary during these months records the growth of this idea.

"March 1854

"1st Wednesday Morn Quite blessed in secret prayer. Reading Baxter's Saints Rest . .

"3rd Friday Eve. Too rainy to go to Cole's Valley prayer meeting.

"Wednesday eve.—a very good pr. meeting at Bro. B. J. Grubbs last eve. March makes its appearance with quite a stormy visage, much rain and some wind; harder and more than I had ever seen before, or than I had even expected to see here. But this is also the most boistrous month in the States. And though the winter has been very uncommonly severe, it has been mild compaired with the winters of the States . . .

"I am reading Baxter's Saints' Rest. What a heart searching thing! O that I could live like that holy man and surely I can . . .

"6th Monday Eve. S. R. Saturday night with Dr. Cole, a well informed agreeable man, a friendly lady, very cordially received, treated with much respect, and with brotherly affection. The Lord graciously bring the Dr. into full enjoyment and service. Sister Cole gave me quite a supply of garden seeds, and the Dr. promised me a sow shote and seed potatoes; and assured me of his aid in my ministerial services, observing that he thought without doubt the whole community would also freely remunerate me well, as I might require. Truly my poor services deserve nothing at all; yet they appear much interested and anxious for my labors A full and interesting Sabbath School. Also a full congregation for preaching, and very attentive. Text 'Search the Scriptures.' &c"

Dr. James Cole was the first settler, 1851, in the valley which later bore his name.[115]

"Preached at Garden Valley 3 oclock 'If any man will come after me' &c; rainy afternoon, no females out, very good attendance of men, very good attention . . .

"9th Thursday Noon. S. R. Last eve attended prayer meeting in Coles Valley. Stayed over night with Bro. Willoughby Churchill. Mr.

Fitzhugh has returned from Coose, brings favorable report. Spring is, at last, opening finely.

"10th Friday Dismissed school to plant my fruit trees, as the ground is about dry enough. Have 20 appletrees, 10 peach trees. Bro. Hannon gave me 5 peach, very small."

George Hanan's Donation Land Claim was on the north bank of the North Umpqua near the present Brown's bridge.

"11th Saturday. At Flernoy's Prairie. Bro. H. Flernoy gave me a two year old peach tree, first growth having been cut off, second growth in six shoots, four of which are about .....feet high. Also gave me 10 or 12 qts. seed corn white flint. Sister Flernoy gave me some garden seed. Stayed over night here.

"Today is my Dear Anna's birthday. I will plant the peach tree for her.

"12th Sabbath. Bro. H. Flernoy accompanied me to Looking-Glass Prarie, informed me was much blessed at the family alter this morning. I feel the Dear Brother is growing hopefully in Grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. O may the Lord perfect that which concerns him, and save all his family! he talks much with them.

"Preached at Mr. Williams' Sen. good congregation, good attention. was blessed in speaking on the Fig Tree Preached at Bro. Wrights afternoon from The Sower, good congregation, great liberty, and much blessed . . ."

Peter W. Williams was the head of a numerous family who settled in Looking-glass Valley. Tombstones in the local cemetery record:

Peter W. Williams
1–5–1823
5–19–1894
Susan F. Williams
12–8–1834
3–2–1895

Papers filed in the County Clerk's office at the time his estate was settled showed the following heirs:

James H., Sarah V. (Culver), Marretta (Wright), Jefferson, P. G. T. B., Cornelia (Marsh), Cresida (Hamlin), Casandra (Newland), John, Laura E., Fanny, and Charles.

The family came into the valley with the Applegates in 1846. The Williams girls were popular belles during the pioneer days.

"16th Thursday Eve. S. R. Last eve attended prayer meeting in Coles V. members few. Mrs. Pierce informs me she is striving to be saved. O Lord, do redeem that family! they are very kind indeed. Gave me a few garden & peach seeds.

"Brother Bradley bought me ¾ bus. peas at $4.00. He thinks of attending my School with his wife, preparing to teach, when I get removed to my own house. Many are anxious for my school. May the Lord bless me in it!"

W. F. Bradley was the first teacher in Coles Valley.[116]

"21st Tuesday Eve. S. R. A very good prayer meeting Thursday Eve at Bro. B. J. Grubbs. Bro Woodruff led. The Lord bless the brethren with the unity of the spirit.

"Saturday 18th made a little garden with Br. B. J. G, put in 84 peach seeds, tomatoes, peas, lettuce, and raddishes, planted two more peach trees in my orchard from Bro. Hannon.

"Sabbath, attended Sab. Schl. and preached in Coles Valley. Text 'Seek first the Kingdom' &c. Think it was the most clear, methodical, yet effective discourse I have delivered. Sabbath School prospering, dined at Bro. Thrasher's, brot Ellen to Bro. Woodruff's to school."

Thos. Thrasher's Donation Land Claim adjoined Ashford Clayton's claim on the north and west. Ellen was his daughter.

"Preached from same text in Garden Bottom, not so much liberty, very good congregation. Bro. W. does not seem to feel inclined to patronize me. I have no idea why. The Lord bless him, make him faithful, give him proper appreciations, and overrule all things for good.

"Have read through 'Baxter's Saints Rest,' what a full Book! . . .

"24th Friday Morn S. R. Very good pray meeting in Coles V.

"Wednesday Eve. Lodged with Dr. Cole. The Lord is graciously leading him back to duty and to faith. He attributes much influence to our humble services. Bro. Wlo. Churchill is truly growing in grace. Bro. Bradley is also advancing in duty. Bro. Thrasher is very anxious, probably for both Kingdoms. I think the work is gradually progressing among the people . . . Very fine weather this and last week.

"A very comfortable prayer meeting in Garden B. last eve. at Mr T. Grubbe's. Interest as usual. O Lord, speed us heavenward!

"27th Monday Eve. S. R. Saturday, half day made garden—put in beets, parsnips, radishes, tomatoes, peppers and cabbages. Rode to Bro. Culver's, lodged, nag left, walked to Mirror Vale, organized Sab. School, was elected Superintendent—preached from 'Search the scriptures' &c. Good congregation, very good attention and interest, prospects favorable. Dined at Bro. Mitchell, pleased with family. Walked to Bro. Wrights, preached from the 'Leaven' first time. Good congregation, much interest, a good subject, was considerably blessed in the feeble effort. Lodged with Br. Flernoy who brot me home this morn, coming on purpose to wait on me . . .

"He offers to board my hands and aid in making my shingles and haul them down for me. He also offers to receive my family when they shall arrive, if my house is not ready for them. And yet in addition to all this, which he kindly bestows free of charge, the Dear Brother gives me Seventy dollars in cash . . .

"Letter from family on Friday last, date about the middle of Dec. Also from bro. S. R. Hudson of the middle July. O my Dear Lord, wilt thou

Bless my Dear Family and bring them to me. May their lives and health be precious in thy sight!

"I receive the most encouraging evidences that my poor feeble services are very acceptable, and profitable, not only in every other appointment, but also at home. O my Lord, make me more humble, more holy, more heavenly, and thou have all the praise and glory forever. Amen.

"April 1854

"1st Saturday Morn. S. R. Last day Second Quarter. Wednesday Eve prayer meeting Coles Valley. Lodged with Bro. Bradley. Rec'd from him 11½ bus. potatoes, also as many from Dr. Cole. Thursday Eve. prayer meeting here. Quite rainy for a few days. Wrote to Bro. Stephens, Coose Bay, by Bro. Grubbe's man Wm. A young Mr. Aubrey at Bro. Grubbe's; his father once a Methodist preacher, now a poor backslide, sixty-five years old. O claim thy spouse, and save the poor man! What a warning to such a poor week creature as I am! . . .

"3rd Monday Eve. S. R. Saturday rainy day. Visitors in School Dr. Cole, Bro. B. J. Grubbe & Mr. T. Grubbe. Expressed the greatest approbation. Bro. Grubbe was quite overcome in reflecting on the great change wrought in his family; and testified from his full heart the deepest gratitude, his utmost confidence, and the warmest Christian love."

There is reason to believe these men were something more than casual visitors. Probably they were an official delegation of the school's patrons.

"Attended prayer meeting in Coles Valley; was blessed. Quite a number out, though very rainy. Lodged with Dr. Cole.

"Sabbath Attended Sab. Scho, very interesting. Preached on the 'Leaven.' Dined at Mr. Wm. Churchill. Being a foot, I was provided with a horse, and four men accompanied me to my services house, where I preached on the 'Advocate' for the first time. Though rainy, a very good congregation, and was quite blessed . . ."

Wm. Churchill's Donation Land Claim was also in Coles Valley.

"7 Friday Morn. S. R. Wednesday Eve prayer meeting at Coles Valley. Last eve prayer meeting here, discontinued on Thursday eves through the summer. No prayer meeting hereafter through the week, what will become of our devotion? The more time for the world, the less for God. If we ever need public devotional seasons, it is surely in that part of the year when the world has the greatest influence over us . . .

"Wednesday received a Letter from Missionary Board declining an appropriation for me. How unexpected this rebuff. I cherished not the least doubt that my humble request would be granted. But such disappointments are common to me. Pure, and cincere in my own intentions, I suspect not others . . ."

This letter was in answer to the application which he had sent to the Baptist headquarters in the late fall of 1853.

"7th Friday Eve. Rode to Winchester. Lodged at Dr. Reed's bot pr

boots bro. Hannons make $9.00. Got letter from Mr. Flint containing Claim plot, and bill for surveying $15.00.

"8th Saturday. Leave Dr. Reeds, ride to Flernoy's. See Bro. White on sash promise in course summer. Lodged with Bro. Flernoy, converse with Boys on serving the Lord, appear much inclined. Sister Flernoy also seems more yielding.

"9th Bro. & Jones F. Accompany me to Mirror Vale. Bro Flernoy presents me on the way with a Gold piece of $50. as a present, with a promise of more. Large congregation, preached on the 'Advocate.' Made personal acquaintance with Miss Williams, a very agreeable modest young Lady, desires to attend school. Before I commenced preaching there she was not at all reconciled to have preaching or to see the minister; but since my first public effort there, her mother informed me in her presence that she is entirely changed in mind and feelings. She now likes the preacher, the teacher and the subject. May God give her a heart to love Him above all and everything else. Yea, and save the entire family. The old lady still professes to serve God, but says she cannot yet feel as she did in the States. She is striving. The Lord restore to her the joys of His Salvation . . . David William's wife is also a professor. They are Baptists. May they all become true Christians!"

David Williams' Donation Land Claim was in Looking Glass Valley.

"Preached in afternoon at Bro. Wright's on the 'Wages of Sin.' for the first time; was quite blessed. In the midst of the discourse Bro. H. Flernoy exclaimed 'Bro. almost thou persuadeth me to be a Christian.' Had occasion to oppose universal salvation. In the province of God, a Mr. Hale, who came there to trade or trafic, and tries to hang on that doctrine, was present, may the Lord awaken him to the truth as it is in Christ Jesus.

"Lodged with Bro. Wright. Though returned from mining, unsuccessful, and had promised on such condition to aid me in making my shingles, yet he concludes he cannot. Bro. Bowyer and Jones Flernoy engage to aid a few days."

John P. Boyer's Donation Land Claim adjoined the claim of J. M. Wright on the south. He was a brother-in-law of the latter.

"10th Bought nails at Winchester—50 lbs. 10 s—25 lbs 8 s—25 lbs. 6 s & 25 lbs. 4 s at 20c pr lb. $25. pr. B. J. Grubbe.

"11th Tuesday. Dismissed School to raise my House. It is a very good frame, sound timber, well got out, and well put together. A very little more expense would make the middle part two stories and give double the bed-rooms. Though I think this can be done hereafter when needed. Brot my potatoes two or three bushels from Bro. Woodruff's, left them by Bro. Bradley & Dr. Cole . . . Commenced planting them on Bro. Grubbe's ground.

"12th Wednesday. Bot a Horse of Bro. B. J. Grubbe for $75. May

his service be alone unto God—and may he ever be treated accordingly.

"Attended prayer meeting in Coles Valley, Wednesday Eve, was very much blessed . . .

"On my way to meeting this eve, I stopped and endeavored to consecrate my house to God. O Lord! condescend to own and bless and sanctify to thy most Holy Service—O may it be a Nursery for the Kingdom of God; Domestically, Intellectually, and Religiously. May it ever be pervaded with thy holy presence! May nothing unclean dwell or enter there! . . .

"15th Saturday Planted potatoes till about noon. Went to Mill to see about lumber—rode to Bro. Thrasher's. All very agreeable.

"16th Sabbath Attended Sab. Schl. in Coles Valley, preached from the 'Wages of Sin' Large congregation, preached in Garden Bottom from the 'Leaven' small congregation, fine day. Mrs. Woodruff seriously afflicted in her breast—fearful it is a cancer. Conversed with her Saturday on applying to the Great Physician, she was affected to tears, the first time I have ever seen her so much moved. God Bless her soul, and pour into it His Divine Love; and restore her body if possible.

"Visited Sab. Morn Mr. Clayton, very kindly received. Lord Bless that family."

Ashford Clayton's Donation Land Claim was in Coles Valley. Mrs. Clayton, unable to read or write, nevertheless, carried on a correspondence with her family in Ohio. On April 25, 1854, in a letter dictated to a neighbor, is this statement:

"We have meetings here in the Valley every week. We had a Baptist preacher here a week ago last Sunday. He prayed for us that we might be prepared to meet our dear little childred [sic] in Heaven"[117]

"18th Tuesday. Preached the Funeral of Dn Nardy, by request of Mr. Hale. The first man died in this part of Umpqua. A poor dissipated creature. Large congregation. Preached from Titus 2nd 11. 12. 13. 14. Mr. Hale presented to me $10 for my services; refusing it most decidedly he persisted in offering it as a present, accepted . . .

"19th Wednesday On way to prayer meeting, Coles V. overtaken by rain, stayed over night at Mr. Cadwalader. O Lord bless that man!"

J. Cadwallader's Donation Land Claim was at the mouth of the Calapooia in Coles Valley.

"20th Thursday Rode over to Mr. Pierces, engaged Bro. Bradley & Mr Pierce to go for my family, and John P.[118] to come and work in my corn ground Brot bus potatoes to plant at T. Grubbe's where planted vines Tuesday. Thus am I preparing for my dear family—O Lord plant abundantly—plant in their dear hearts thy pure and Holy word as seed unto Eternal Life! And bring them all safely to thy poor unworthy servant!

"21st Friday Eve. Went to Winchester, got letter from Lydia and Sarah Carey. Arrived at Bro. Stevens' 8 oclock Mr. Wm. Lion employed as teacher at Deer Creek.

"22nd Saturday. Got letter at Deer Creek from Bro. Watters, dined at Mr. Perry's, bot lariat 88c Passed on to Happy Valley, an exceedingly fertile and a beautiful valley. Stopped with Bro. Applegate."

Happy Valley was the name of an early settlement about four miles south of Roseburg, and through it one can enter Looking Glass Valley. Happy Valley was named by four bachelors who settled there in 1852. In 1853 they were followed by J. M. Arrington, S. H. Applegate, et al.[119]

"23rd Sab .Sch. in Look. Prai. very good. Preached from 'If any man will come after me' etc, a great congregation, very much blessed, much feeling in speaker and hearers.

"Preached at Bro. Wrights from 'Lovest thou me more than these?' Close of service Jones Flernoy expressed that the Lord had greatly blessed him through the day. O Lord seal him thine forever! Invited home with Bro. Newton. Lord bless that family!"

Ambrose Newton was a son-in-law of H. B. Flournoy.[120] Newton's Donation Land Claim adjoined his father-in-law's claim on the south.

"24th Monday John Pierce commenced harrowing corn ground.

"25th Tuesday Sowed Peas—for a few days past been planting Red Potatoes (one bus.) from Mr. Pierce at T. Grubbe's.

"27th Thursday Morn. Prayer meeting last eve Coles Valley. Some blessed—stoped at Mr. Evans'—Mr. Emmit gave me nearly 2 bus. potatoes for seed on my place. The Lord opening his heart toward his unworthy servant, fill it with his grace unto Salvation!"

John Emmettt's claim was on the west side of the Umpqua in Scotts Valley. He settled there in 1852. The family sold the property in 1945, rather than have a law suit.[121]

"28th. Dismissed School and planted corn by Self, J. Pierce, Geo. & Wm Grubbe—Saturday transplanted cabbage.

"30th Sabbath Preached at Coles Valley The 'Advocate' large congregation, also at G. Btm. very small congregation—Text, 'Wages Sin.' Saturday solicited by Mr. Kent for office Com. Schl. Supt. declined as Bro. Wilbur expects it . $20 pr Mr. Kent for Schl. Books."

"Garden Botton May 1st 1854.

"Mr. Kent

"Dear Sir, I received a note from you Saturday last in which you do me the honor to solicit my consent to become a candidate for the office of Superintendent of Common Schools in the approaching June Election. I am not only willing but anxious to do what little my feeble abilities may permit in connection with my other duties to promote the general educational interests of the Country. Feeling thus I was about to return you an affirmation, when I learned that the Rev. Mr. Wilbur has been solicited to become a candidate for the above office. Therefore I most respectfully decline this honor, fully satisfied that Mr. Wilbur is better qualified for that very responsible position, than I am. Notwithstanding,

with the greatest pleasure I shall do what I can in a private capacity to elevate the standard of our Common Schools.

"Accept my thanks for your regard. Most Respectfully

C. B. West"

L. D. Kent, whose Donation Land Claim was on the South Umpqua in the Dillard neighborhood, was the sheriff of Douglas County.[122]

"May 1854

"3rd Wednesday Eve prayer meeting Coles Valley. quite blessed. Lodged at Mr. Evans' has returned from Yreka 13c for beef, 30 head steers for Wlb. Churchill. 5 for self."

It was on a similar trading trip that Samuel D. Evans was killed by the Modoc Indians, August 1, 1861.[123]

"5th Friday Eve. Letter from Wife date Jany. 20. Also one from Bro. David date Feb. 21.

"6th Saturday. Started for Judge Hudson's to learn what he is doing to aid my family to come to Oregon. He has sadly disappointed me, disposed of all his funds there, and thus thrown my family, his own sister another year back into the States. I could have had funds to them of my own and they would probably have been here now, had not the Judge agreed to furnish me with money there and thus save me the danger of conveying it to them. But the poor selfish man is old in such things; truly he is the more to be pittied. He has aided me nothing yet. Shadrack gave me $5.00 when I arrived here for to defray traveling expenses; but I have repaid it. Though I was destitute of clothes, they offered me nothing, nor even advanced me anything when solicited. But I have truly found friends among strangers. Yea, I have been taken in, fed and clothed; and all too, because I belong to Christ! O Lord! make me faithful and humble. Found the Judge and Boys building Mills. This will break them, I think. Their energy is without discretion, and without perseverance."

The mill was located on what is now called Weatherly Creek, a short distance south of the highway leading to Scottsburg.[124]

"7th Disappointed my congregation this Sabbath because of going to Hudson's. Made a pleasant acquaintance with Bro. Kellogg."

The three Kellogg Donation Land Claims were located in a bend of the Umpqua, about a mile south of the present Kellogg bridge. They were those of Adna B., Lyman L. E., and John J. Kellogg.

"At the Judge's, May 7, 1854

"My Very Dear Lizzy—Two days ago I received yours of the 20. Jan. in which I learn your very unpleasant situation . . . I have just got returns from New York, and learn our Missionary application was not approved, therefore we shall get nothing from that quarter at present. On receiving your last letter, I immediately started for the Judge's, forty miles distant. He had informed me that if his farm sold, you could have of the funds

to come to Oregon. But he has made arrangements to have all his money disposed of there, so that there too we are disappointed again. I have just received a letter from my Bro. David, also one lately from Bro. Waters, both informing me that they cannot come to this country till next season; so that had you ever so much means, yet you have no company. I could raise enough funds to bring you here by selling our Claim, but you would get it too late to come this season, and you would have no company. Now, my Dear, I see no alternative but for to come for you in the fall; and if the Lord bless me, I will try to be with you in November.

"And now for my prosperity and prospects—My improvements are, first—a good Garden of every variety of vegetables, all in a very thriving condition—about 4 acres of corn, ½ acre potatoes, a ½ acre of beans, and a ½ acre of peas. I have also a good frame house under way, of the following dimensions—The middle room is 16 by 32 feet; the side rooms each 8 by 10. The frame is up, the shingles all made, half the lumber on the ground, and the rest being sawed. You think this house is too large; But my Dear, you do not know how large a family I have. If I should say I am preparing for a Boarding School, you might be surprised; so probably I had better not inform you. But your poor disappointed husband, and an anxious community of hundreds, have been waiting, enquiring and expecting, every mail to hear of the arrival of my Dear Precious Family to take possession of our new home, when a multitude of little ones and youth were to hail the opening of the Umpqua Boarding School.[125]

"Thus, you see, My Dears, while you are most sadly disappointed, and I too am grevously disappointed, a very great many more, both old and young, can hardly be reconciled. But do not forget, My Dear Ones, that 'all things work together for good to them that love God, and, are called according to His purpose.'

"Seven months of my school have sweetly passed away with the best prosperity. Not the least circumstance has occurred unpleasant yet. O shall we not be thankful?

"And now of Religion—though last, yet in my heart I deeply feel it is first—*it is all.*

"On one Sabbath I preached in Coles Valley at eleven, and in Garden Bottom (in my school house) at three. The next Sabbath, at Mirror Vale at eleven and in Flernoy's Prairie at three, conducting a Sabbath School every Sabbath also. Thus my appointments are every two weeks in the same place. The Lord has truly blessed me. We have had no excitement, but the Blessed Work has gradually and constantly increased. Believers have been quickened, back-sliders reclaimed, and sinners converted . . .

"P. S. Direct no more letters to Scottsburg for me. But direct all of mine to C. B. West, Winchester, Douglas Co., O. T."

"Garden Bottom May 10, '54. Wednesday Morn.

"Last evening I got home from the Judge's. I am about to write to Bro.

Watters advising him to come by water. Now my Dear it will cost at least $1000 if I have to go for you, and about half of it will bring the family here if they can come without my going for them. Now try your very best to secure the company of Bro. Watters, or if he will not come by water, very probably some one else will be coming from Defiance or vicinity. Now go to town, see Mr. Leeland or some other man of *Spirit* and *Life*. Hang on to him till he secures you aid or company to start very early in the spring, in February or March. I will forward you all the money you want. Write every four weeks. I will send you $50 at least.

C. B. West

"A New Spring

"Look for letters often I will write every two weeks or so. Good Bye My Loves, God Bless you every moment."

"10th Wednes. Prayer meeting Coles V.

"12th Friday Last eve went to see Jones Flernoy . . . returned to Mr. Kent the money $20 for Books.

"14th Saturday Planted more Beans. Afternoon 2 oclock attended church prayer & conference meeting Coles Valley. Good attendance, blessed. The prayer meetings hereafter to be held only every Saturday 2 oclock, consequently I shall be able to attend only half the time, the Saturday preceding my preaching there. O Lord, do Bless very much, bless thy people and *all* in Coles Valley.

"15th Sabbath, Very interesting Sab. Schl.—Preached on 'Lovest thou Me more than these?' with much freeness. O Lord! pardon and Bless the poor weak service. Preached the same in Garden Bottom less liberty. O Lord, give more, much more success! Two letters from Bro. Cruzan, and answered. Saturday night with Bro. Bradley; a very, very good Brother. A Letter to family last week.

"To thee, O My God I give my Dear Family entirely. Thou wilt Bless them. If it be thy will bring them to thy poor unworthy servant!

"17th Tuesday Morn. A Letter to Bro. D. Watters. Have read Bunyan's Grace Abounding. How encouraging! how strengthening! . . ."

Garden Bottom, May 31, 1854

"My Very Dear Wife—Your 5th and 19th March was received last night. I wrote you about the 10th Inst. but I will continue to write until I see you.

"As you had prospects of obtaining damages of several hundred dollars, I presume you have received it before now; and I almost hope the next mail to hear of your arrival in Oregon. At least, I hope you have obtained aid to make you comfortable, if you have not left."

[The damage claim was against the railroad which was building across their Defiance property.]

"You speak of our enemies, opened letters, etc.; considering these things I do not deem it prudent to send you a check, as I had arranged to. I have

already deposited $50 but have been providentially prevented from forwarding it, for nearly two weeks. It was to start at last on the first June; but all the circumstances considered I fear it would be lost, or it might not be needed.

"Now my Dear, concerning our affairs in Defiance—I thought it my duty first to get my family here in a living condition; next to settle arrearages. By the blessing of God we have quite enough to square with the world; but to devote it to our creditors now would leave you in Defiance and me in Oregon. I hardly think this is duty. To accomplish this I must sell my claim and enter another of much less value, and of unfavorable prospects. What do you think?

"As I wrote you in my last, I think in the coming autumn I can raise $500, and manage some way to get it to you, with which to enable you to come to Oregon, if you can possibly find company. I have written to Bro. Watters, requesting him to have you in his care, as the water route would be much the quicker, easier and safer way, and in the end, cheaper also. Now see him, my Dear, and learn what you can depend on for certainty. And if you cannot be sure there try else where, speedily, thoroughly and perseveringly. And if in the providence of God you can get no company, weigh the matter before the Lord and see whether I shall come for you, or *whether you are woman enough to come alone*, as many, very many, do. If I come I must not only sell my claim and spend at least $500 more than if you come without me, but my lost time would be nearly or quite as much more. Don't be surprised when I tell you I am looking for you now every day. I hope against hope that the Lord has blessed you with means through our little place in Defiance, and strongly relying upon God you have started for the Pacific.

"But, My Dearest Wife, keep a high, exultant heart; most firmly relying on God, even our professed friends may turn to be our enemies; that will not harm us, No. our help [is] in the Lord. Though they may curse, we will pray, and God will bless. Yes and peradventure bless them too.

"If Abram, James, and all our other creditors insist on their money before we are permitted to settle in Oregon, not giving us a chance to help ourselves or them either, I have no doubt the Lord will enable us to meet and settle all. But it does seem to me that my first duty is to get my family to me; and then if our poor suffering creditors want what little we have in Defiance and Oregon too, most freely they may have it *all*. But I do not feel that I am required to sacrifice the comfort, the health, and very probably even the lives of my Dear family to aid poor worldly sinful men to make themselves miserable forever. We have not a creditor but would feel comfortable, if the debt *we* owe him, was owed him by a wicked worldly man who was using his creditor's money to curse God with! But so goes the world—God will over-rule all to *our* good.

"My Dear faithful Wife, how it cheers my anxious heart to hear of

your humble efforts for poor ignorant children! Be not weary in well doing. Cast the precious Seed into their tender hearts. God will see to its increase. But remember all you can do it is your boundin duty to perform . . .

"June 6th . . . O, how wonderfully does the Lord bless so poor unworthy a creature as I am! I had been frequently urged to visit a community about sixteen miles off, where two ministers live, a baptist and a presbyterian, who have grown so cold as seldom to preach any more. My Sabbaths being fully occupied, at last I sent a Saturday's appointment to them. Winding among the hills and through the valleys, piloted by a faithful Brother, who knew as little of the way as myself, at last I arrived at a new school house nearly five o'clock. A crowded congregation had been waiting from three o'clock, and were just about to disperse—the presbyterian minister dismissing them without any service. I tried to preach. The Lord blessed. The minister insisted on my holding a two days meeting with them in four weeks. I left an appointment accordingly. The Brother accompanied me to my appointments of the Sabbath and preached for me—quite, quite feeble—though a good man—May the Lord revive him!— . . .

"June 14. I will write again soon. The Dear Gracious Lord have you all my Precious Ones in His holy Care!

Your Most Devoted Husband and Father
Calvin B. West

Winchester, Douglas Co., Oregon"

Mrs. E. H. West
Defiance
Ohio

The diary continues:

"June, 1854

"3rd Preached on S. Umpqua in Bro. Dillard's Settlement, Sat. 4 Oclock P. M. good congn, text Leaven, quite dry. blessed in prayer and exhortation. Bro. D. appointed a two days meeting in four weeks if I would attend, promised. Found the Bro. quite cool and full of the world, most humbly confesses and promises to renew his covenant. Came with me to my appointment in Looking Glass and Bro. Collver's. Preached for me at L. G. from Barren Fig tree, done poorly. The Lord blessed me in prayer and exhortion he preached at Bro. Collvers from 'Come thou and thy family into the Ark.' done a little better."

[John Dillard's claim was near the present town of Dillard, south of Roseburg.]

"I was blessed again in Exhortation and prayer. Both large congregations. Dined at Mr. Livingston's. Lodged at Bro. Collver's. Called at Bro. Woodruff's, he says still feels firm and unyielding. O Lord! keep the Dear Brother very close to thy side. Mrs. Woodruff appears some better in

body, though not enough settled in mind fully to yield herself to God. I prayed with her and she seemed much affected . . .

"5th A very gracious time in School this morning. Monday, but through the day have been too stern, too stenuous. O Lord make me all a holy sunshine among My Dear Pupils!

"10th Saturday Called at Mr. Days—enjoyed a gracious season of prayer—Prayer meeting 2 oclock—very richly blessed O the holy love of God! how it passeth all undertsanding. Stopped at Bro. Wm. Churchill's—much pleased with the kind christian family—May the Lord bless them deeply!

"11th Lords day Enjoyed a rich Sab. Schl. in explaining 18 Math. Preached from 'And they began to pray him to depart out of their coasts' Mark 5.17. was blessed—One poor sinner deeply afflicted—the schl. teacher Mr. Ping."

Following are excerpts from an undated letter from C. B. West to his family in Defiance, Ohio.

"Truly I feel it a duty and a joy to labor for the true spiritual and intellectual good of the people; and this I could most heartily do without any worldly remuneration. But the Lord, our Dear Heavenly Father, who saith 'seek ye first the Kingdom of God,' takes care that all else 'shall be added.' My shingles, ten thousand, worth over a hundred dollars, are furnished me by our congregation.

"An old gentleman, over sixty years, whom the Lord has just brot to his septor, presented me with a *fifty dollar gold piece as a present*. This I will send to my Dear Devoted praying family, who faithfully bear me up before the Gracious Lord in behalf of poor perishing sinners.

"I am very anxious for the settlement of our affairs in Defiance. I hope our little property there may do something towards it. But I trust when I get my prudent Wife and careful little ones with me, the Lord will so bless us as soon to enable us to pay all obligations. I practice great economy. I still wear my old red cap; both my elbows are out; my vest is ragged and has but two buttons on it; thus in school, and thus in preaching. But I am striving for a new suit—to be clothed upon with Salvation as with a garment . . .

"I Board with Bro. Grubbs all the time. Seven or eight months trial proves them but better and better. They are truly and heartily pious, and most kind and respectful . . .

"I had forgotten to describe my, *our* orchard. I have 20 apple, 13 peach, and 5 pear trees, all grafted but the peach, and growing finely. Also a quantity of peach seeds planted and some California Grape seeds. I have received your appleseeds, and will plant them. I have also a fine loping, or cantering pony, very gentle. How often I fancy my Dear precious Boys, yes, and Girls too galloping over our prairie for the cows &c.

"John [Mrs. West's brother, John Hudson] and family are well, and

doing well. Their cows are let out for the season. They do their own housework like thousands more in this country. They are now engaged in building Mills.

"I am two hundred miles from a Bank, but in a few days I can send there, and I will deposit $50. or $100. and send you a check for which any merchant in Defiance will pay you the money. I think I will direct it to Shadrach; he can get it cashed for you. Now pay no debts with this my Dear, but live comfortably, and prepair yourselves with clothes for your journey.

"O Lord! Bless My Dear Family and bring them all safely to thy poor unworthy Servant.

Your Dear Devoted Husband, C. B. West."

The diary continues the record:

"11th Lords day continued, afternoon preached in Garden Bottom from 'Daily in the temple and in every house they ceased not to preach Jesus Christ.' Accts. 5.42. was quite blessed. a large congregation 11 from Coles V. & Calpu. Mrs. Woodruff out . . .

"12th Monday Quite a heavy rain—a very cold dry season till now—wheat very smuttty—the rankest falling.

"13th Strawberrying at Calapooya—very numerous, but too ripe—mailed two letters for home the 15th.

"15th Thursday Last eve visited Widow Evans—very deeply grieved for the loss of her husband who died recently at Coose. Read and prayed with the family—they feel very confident his death was a happy one . . .

"In school much too complaining—also quite too light. Not deeply enough imbewed with the sweet and holy Spirit of Christ. Almost as surely as they breathe the air of the atmosphere, which either purifies or corrupts their blood, and effects accordingly their whole physical system; so do my dear pupils inhale my most ungracious spirit, gradually mould into my temper, and become the same worthless creature . . .

"18th Saturday Trade in Winchester Coat $10, pants $5.00. boots $5.50, hat $5. socks, 50c

"19th Sabbath. Last night at Mr. Williams in Mirror Vale. preached from 'Who touched me?' Luke 8.45. Very good congregation—Subject quite clear—some apparent effect. O, that the Lord would bless his own work! . . .

"Preached at Bro Collver's from 'And they began to pray him to depart' etc. Visited Bro. Flernoy's . . . Brother Flernoy received me very heartily. I think he tries to embrace the Lord most sincerely. O Lord, bless him and family so much afflicted!

"Reading Hervey's Meditations among the tombs, and among the flowers. How rich they are! . . .

"22nd Thursday Morn. Reperusing 'The Great Teacher' by Harris . . .

"24th Sat. dined at Bro. Woodruff's—Prayer meeting in C. V. moderate,—called at Mr. Clayton's, recovering from fever. Lodged at Mr. Ping's—a very pleasant acquaintance. Qute deeply convicted. Lord do *thou* the work!

"25 Lords day A very good Sab. Schl.—Preached from 'Who touched Me?' large congregation, very attentive. Quite clear and forcible, appearances favorable . . .

"Brother Dillard of South Umpqua preached for me in G. B. The Lord bless the Dear Bro. with more holy zeal And O, my Blessed Lord! do thou make me a very great deal more holy and effective than I am . . .

"27th Tuesday Visited Bro. Wilbur's etc.

"30th Friday. Attended examination of Rev. Mr. Royal's School,[126] at Mr. Wilbur's; much pleased with it. Read Letter from home with information that my Dear Wife was at the point of death May 11th having lain ten days with a violent fever. I must return immediately to my family. The Lord direct. Called at Bro. Stephens'. He desires that I should sell my claim, return East with an agency for funds to build an institution at Deer Creek. Lodged with Mr. Perry."

There is every indication that West was the leader in the project to build an academy in Umpqua Valley.

"Deek Creek, July 1st, 1854.

"My Very Dear Wife—I most devotedly pray that in the gracious Providence of God, my Dearest Lizy is yet spared me . . .

"On my way to a two-day meeting, I took a letter from the Office at Winchester last night, dated 11th May, informing me of the almost death of my Dearest Wife. O, can it be so? . . . And my Dear helpless Babes—what will they do? . . .

"But yet I fondly hope that all may be well; that my Dear fond affectionate Wife is yet alive! That my Dear helpless tender children still cling around their tender Mother . . .

"On the *Fourth* I am to deliver a Sabbath School address at a celebration The Lord give Grace and Wisdom. At 11 oclock today I begin a two days meeting, O, Lord! manifest thyself to us, as thou dost not to the world!

". . . Dearest Children, may God give you to my embrace once more, that I may be a thousand times more forbearing, and gentle! If the Lord direct, I shall make arrangements to see you this fall.

"With what anxiety I shall wait the next mail! (It comes every two weeks from the States.) The last letter was but six or seven weeks coming. I will write you every mail.

"Dearest Ones—And I know not whom I am addressing—But I trust most firmly in God! Sickness and Death we must endure . . .

"Your deeply afflicted and most affectionate Husand and Father

Calvin B. West."

"July 1st In attendance at a two days meeting at Rev. Mr. Dillards, South Umpqua. Saturday 11 oclock A. M. Good congregation and attention, preached from 'And daily in the temple,' &c. Afternoon preached from 'Pray without ceasing'

"2nd Sabbath 10 oclock in Grove. Bro. Dillard preached from 'As Moses lifted up' &c. very diffuse, very dry. Followed him, was blessed.

"Afternoon preached from 'And they began to pray him to depart' &c. much blessed, prospects of fruit, especially in Mrs. Livingston. Lord seal her!

"Preached in evening at Schl. house, from *The Sower*, great attention, truly favorable omens of good.

"Sab Eve at Bro. Rice's Himself, wife, brother and mother all Baptists. A very agreeable acquaintance here with the good people, a very large congregation, the best attention, and very favorable prospects. Lodged Sab. Eve. at Mr. Kent's; he not at home."

[Rice Creek is a tributary of the South Umpqua near Dillard. It was named for this pioneer family.]

"The Brethren feel much encouraged, and Brother Dillard is very anxious I should build an institution near him. will give from $500. to $1000.

"3rd Visited Brother Wilbur's—a truly devout couple. Sister W. is deeply pius. Bro. Royal is also humble; and they are all together most emphatically 'not slothful in business; fervent in Spirit; Serving the Lord.'

"4th Tuesday *Independence*

"Sabbath School Celebration[127] at Bro. Wilbur's. Mr. Stratton Orator. Bro. Raynor addressed the Parents, and I bungled at the children; but that is all I can do in good. In sin only am I proficient. The oration and *the* address were both truly good. God bless the speakers. About 500 people old and young on the ground. The very best of order—an abundance of food all happy and very fine. I do truly thank God for all, and cincerely pray it may prove a universal blessing to our whole county.

"My failing in the present, as in *all* things intellectual, yea and spiritual too, was oweing to my want of preparation. My own fault entirely. O Lord! forgive me for I should have done a thousand times better under the circumstances. O for that persevering energy, that my calling and condition demand!"

NOTES

115. Walling, p. 427.

116. Information furnished by Nannie Callahan Dunn.

117. Information from Wm. E. Clayton, a grandson, of Carmel, California.

118. "John Pierce, Jr. 1825-1892." Information furnished by his cousin, the late Martha Goode.

119. Walling, p. 419.

[*Continued on page 86*]

ROARING CAMP REVISITED

By Roy F. Hudson

From the present apathetic response to Brete Harte's writings, it is difficult to ascertain how much farther back Harte will swing on the pendulum to literary obscurity. Some critics would have us believe that he fell off the pendulum somewhere back there and we may as well bury the remains. But these critics are forgetting Californians and California visitors. As long as there are romantic adventurers to ride or hike the Bret Harte-Mark Twain trails in the Sierra foothills, Harte will have enough supporters to keep him in position, although that inch of literary space may be precariously small for him.

Not all Californians, however, are admirers of Bret Harte. There are many who, as in Harte's day, discuss him as "a lop-eared Eastern apprentice," and "an editorial jackass."[1] But there are a goodly number who tend to agree with Dickens, or who might slightly modify Dicken's statement that *The Luck of Roaring Camp* "is the best story in the language."[2]

Harte's phenomenal success and rapid decline is one of the saddest stories in American literature. At one time the East clamored for his writings and they were willing to pay the highest prices for them. Today the collecting dust on Harte's volumes on the library shelves across the nation is a silent reminder of the change in taste. This is not to say, however, that Harte has nothing to offer the reader today. Certainly, he did more than any other writer to popularize one of the most fascinating periods in California's history and he still popularizes one of the great scenic attractions for visitors to the state—the Mother Lode. To travel California's Mother Lode and not read Bret Harte is like visiting Walden Pond without ever having read Thoreau; one is deprived of much of the pleasure of association (I can see the lift of the critical eyebrow; compare Thoreau with Harte!). But let me take refuge in Van Wyck Brooks who once said, "I used to think that half the pleasure of being a Californian would be that one had come from Bret Harte's country; for, with all his occasional crudity, Bret Harte invested with magic the Sierras, the Bay of San Francisco, and the Sacramento River."[3]

In spite of all his faults, Harte's position as a local color writer, as a literary chronicler of California events, as an innovator, as a craftsman assures him a lasting place in American letters. As a literary figure he commands scholarly research and the recent publication of Harte papers reminds us that there is still much to discover and know about this meteor that once flashed from California to New York and finally settled in England.

A topic that has interested me ever since I, like Harte, was transplanted to California, is the accuracy of the locales mentioned in Harte's Mother

Lode stories. The lack of sufficient documents for a study of this has been so discouraging to many researchers that they have abandoned their projects. Harte maintains a silence on precise locations in his diary, although when questioned, he once replied that all of his Sierra stories were based on actual locations.[4] This paper will be a discussion, rather than a definitive answer to the question of Bret Harte's location of his short story, *The Luck of Roaring Camp.*

The question of the site of Bret Harte's Roaring Camp has been a matter of conjecture and debate for many years. Many writers have waved aside the question by stating that such a place never existed except in Harte's imagination. Other writers, more discerning, have declared that Roaring Camp is the name that Harte gave to the ferry crossing on the Stanislaus River known as Robinson's Ferry and today called Melones. Some Mother Lode enthusiasts have decided that McLean's Ferry, another crossing on the Stanislaus River, was the place that Harte had in mind when he wrote *The Luck of Roaring Camp.* Those who wish to defend Harte's accuracy of location but who cannot solve the site problem indicate in a vague manner that it was one of the river camps up the river a short distance from Robinson's Ferry. I would like to examine each of these positions in the light of available knowledge.

It is noteworthy that all these locations are in the same general area. There are several reasons for this. George Stewart in his biography of Harte states," as to the location of Harte's experiences in the mines, strong evidence points toward the Stanislaus River near Robinson's Ferry, which is now called Melones . . . Along the Stanislaus, Harte displayed himself familiar with a large number of names and even with the geographical relations. The Stanislaus is mentioned probably twenty times to one for any other river." Harte, himself, in his essay "How I Went To The Mines" describes ending his trip to the mines in a spot that answers to the vicinity of Melones on the Stanislaus River. Most authorities are agreed that Harte was acquainted with the Stanislaus River area between Robinson's Ferry and Parrott's ferry. If he drew upon his personal experiences, Roaring Camp could be one of the many mining camps he saw in the vicinity. If he is quoting the miners, their story was probably one that happened locally. If he took his information from a newspaper, it probably was one published in Sonora or San Francisco; these papers specialized in news of mining in Tuolumne County and the area around the Stanislaus was the main mining area of the time.[6]

Harte himself has not informed us of the exact location of Roaring Camp. This may be owing to the fact that Roaring Camp was well known in his day. It is possible that Roaring Camp was a known location in Harte's day, but it was never recorded on any map and there is no recollection of it today. This has been the fate of many mining camps. During Harte's visit to the mines, there were at least forty mining settlements

in the region;[7] only a few of these have been recorded for future generations to read about. In many of them life was brief—only so long as the gold strike lasted—and their ultimate fate was the fate of almost all the mining camps—destruction by fire. How many people would think of Columbia when they hear Hildreth's Diggings, and how many would think of Murphy's when they hear Stoutenberg's Diggings? These old names remain because the towns have remained and they have had active historians. One will not find Morehouse's Bar, Scorpion Camp, or Black Creek Camp on any map, but the alert historian may run across their names and locations in an old newspaper.[8] Northwest of the town of Copperopolis in the Sierra foothills lies the ruins of an old city that the oldest resident recalls visiting as a child. She can describe the streets to you, but she doesn't know the name of it. No one seems to remember the name of the town and so it has been known to residents for many years as Lost City. On the banks of the Stanislaus, high up on a cliff overlooking the site of O'Byrne's Ferry stands the ruins of many buildings. No one can tell you anything about this site; no maps list it; county histories do not mention it. So, it is possible for Roaring Camp to have been a roaring settlement in Bret Harte's day and now to be hushed in the silence of the years and buried under the dust of history.

Our evidence, then, for the existence of Roaring Camp must come from Harte's description of the site. Harte tells us[9] that Roaring Camp "lay in a triangular valley between two hills and a river. The only outlet was a steep trail that led over the summit of the hill that faced the cabin." He mentions the "swaying and moaning of the pines and the swift rush of the river." He states that Red Dog is forty miles away and the "rosewood cradle was packed eighty miles by mule" from Sacramento. He describes the "rare atmosphere of the Sierra foothills—that air pungent with balsamic ordors." He tells us of the "golden store" of Roaring Camp that came from the gulches. He mentions the smallness and the isolation of the location. It was a camp of one hundred men; "no encouragement was given to immigration, and to make their isolation more perfect, the land on either side of the mountain wall that surrounded the camp they duly precepted." Sal is said to be in "that original isolation." The expressman is made to say that the camp "is mighty rough on strangers." Harte makes Sal the only woman in Roaring Camp and after her death no "decent woman would set foot in the place." He is very precise in his description of the severe winter of 1851 and the torrential spring floods that swept away part of Roaring Camp.

How do Harte's descriptions match up with the suggested locations? Let us examine them one at a time. Is this a fitting description of Robinson's Ferry or Melones? Alonzo Delano is one of the writers who affirms that Robinson's Ferry was the site of Bret Harte's Roaring Camp. He bases this on the fact that Bancroft called it one of the most riotous camps

in the Mother Lode and the fact that Harte knew the region.[10] Glasscock supports Delano in maintaining that Robinson's Ferry is the place that Harte renamed Roaring Comp.[11] He bases his position on the statement of J. Ross Browne that Robinson's Ferry was the largest mining town in the state with a population up to 5,000.[12] This may have been the size of Robinson's Ferry in 1851 but in 1857 when Harte saw it, it was no roaring camp of 5,000. Here is what a visitor saw in 1857.[13]

> "At Robinson's Ferry there is a very pleasant little village with a tavern, restaurant, some groceries, and a bakery. I had a good dinner served by a Frenchman. There are some three or four brick and stone houses in the village. After resting a little, I crossed the ferry and ascended a steep hill."

There are several reasons why Robinson's Ferry could not have been the Roaring Camp of Bret Harte's story. First of all, Robinson's Ferry had a population of 5,000 in 1851, the date that Harte sets for his story, not 100 as Harte definitely states in *The Luck*. Even if Harte was describing Robinson's Ferry as it was in 1857, a smaller, sleepier town, it still does not fit the description given in the story. Harte describes the camp as having only one exit, a narrow road that winds over a steep hill. At Robinson's Ferry there was a well-travelled road, a main highway, that came to the ferry landing and continued its way on the other side of the river. Robinson's Ferry was no "city of refuge," no city of isolation, unkind to strangers. It was one of the most popular ferry crossings on the Stanislaus, a place where hundreds of people came every week to cross the river, where the population frequently changed with the discovery of new gold strikes in Coyote Gulch, a ferry crossing that constantly knew the presence of women travelling to and from the Mother Lode. Harte undoubtedly saw Robinson's Ferry; one could not travel the Southern mines without passing the place. It is unbelievable that Harte could have viewed the place and then written the description of Roaring Camp with Robinson's Ferry in mind.

Let us look at the second contention, that McLean's Ferry was the site of Roaring Camp. This spot was about a mile up the Stanislaus River from Robinson's Ferry, almost directly across from Coyote Creek. When the rich veins of gold there were being uncovered, the ferry must have been a busy one. Today, there are almost no traces left of the settlement. The visitor has to poke around to uncover a foundation and use his imagination to see the site of a camp amongst the tangle of trees and undergrowth. This site fulfills two of Harte's qualifications, however. It is located in a small triangular valley, a very small one, formed by a rich gulch, Jackass Gulch,[14] and it was flooded during the big flood of 1851.[15] The damage by the flood was so severe that McLean abandoned the location and started a new ferry higher up on the Stanislaus.

There are other circumstances, however, that mitigate against this being

the site of Roaring Camp. McLean's Ferry never could have been an isolated, unfriendly, womanless camp. A ferry crossing is a busy place; it thrives on strangers. Ferrymen, unlike miners, were a more settled breed. They often maintained restaurants and dormitories in connection with their ferries. A family was a distinct advantage in operating these businesses.

We can answer those who saw that Roaring Camp was only an imaginary place created by Harte in Harte's own words. Harte tells us that *The Luck of Roaring Camp* is no piece of imagination. He stated in the *Cornhill Magazine* of July, 1899 that in this short story he "conscientiously believed that he had painted much that 'he saw and part of which he was', that his subject and characters were distinctly California, as was equally his treatment of them." He further tells us that "he sought to honestly describe the life around" him and he confides to us that "the secret of the American short story is the treatment of characteristic American life, with absolute knowledge of its peculiarities and sympathy with its methods."

Harte, then, did not have to use his imagination, nor did he want to. He was writing about actual people who were enacting their life dramas in actual locations. He had the opportunity of visiting the locations and observing the life that existed at these places; there is much evidence that he was a careful observer.

The Luck of Roaring Camp corroborates this. In this story, Harte describes the location in detail; he names a specific time for the flood; he is exact with distances. He relates that Roaring Camp "lay in a triangular valley between two hills and river." He mentions that the cradle had to be purchased from a city 80 miles distant. He is very careful in his description of the flood. "The winter of 1851 will long be remembered in the foothills. The snow lay deep on the Sierras, and every mountain creek became a river and every river a lake. Each gorge and gulch was transformed into a tumultous water course that descended the hillsides, tearing down giant trees and scattering its drift and debris along the plain . . . That night the North Fork suddenly leaped over its bank and swept up the triangular valley of Roaring Camp."

Finally, one cannot write this off as good imaginative description, for one can still view the original objects he is describing. This brings us to the fourth assumption, that Roaring Camp is somewhere up the river between Robinson's Ferry and Parrott's Ferry. After one leaves Robinson's Ferry, walking upstream, the next site is McLean's Ferry, which we have already discussed. The next gulch is Grizzly Gulch with Quail Gulch close by. After that, the next place for a settlement would be Deadman's Bar near Parrott's Ferry. Since we have ruled out ferry crossings as possible sites for Roaring Camp, this leaves us with Quail and Grizzly Gulches, located at a place in the river known as Horseshoe Bend. This I believe is that location that Harte had in mind when he wrote *The Luck of Roaring Camp.*

Let us look at the internal evidence. Scenically, this location matches Harte's descriptions. It has the "triangular valley between two mountains and a river." The Stanislaus forms a serpentine base for the triangle a mountain that rises up on one side of Quail Gulch forms one side, and a ridge rising up from the meadow of the valley forms the other side. At this spot one can hear the "swaying and moaning of the pines" even though the miners chopped down most of them to build their sluice boxes, flumes, wingdams, and cabins. From this location one can also hear the "swift rush" of the river. In fact, the bend in the river here and the presence of huge boulders marks this spot as a particularly noisy part of the river. Could this be the reason why the camp was called Roaring Camp? Up the hill from the river there is a small grove of trees that could have served for the site of Sal's burial and the christening of Tommy Luck. Harte mentions the flowers in the area—the honeysuckles, the azaleas, and the Mariposa tulips. Today one can walk down the gulches here in the spring and see all of these flowers.

In *The Luck of Roaring Camp* Harte describes Kentucky's walk. "He walked down to the river and whistled reflectively. Then he walked up the gulch, past the cabin, still whistling with demonstrative unconcern. At a large redwood tree, he paused and retraced his steps and again passed the cabin. Half way down to the river, he again paused and then returned and knocked on the door." Today, one can execute almost these same movements at this location. One can walk from the trail, along which at one time there were rows of cabins, to the river, then meet the opening of the gulch, walk up it past a 1960 miner's shack. One will not be able to find the redwood tree, however. I don't think Harte saw it either. He probably saw an Incense Cedar of which there are a few in this area. These trees have a certain resemblance to redwood trees, especially their red fibrous bark.

Topographically this site also matches with Harte's description. The location is served by only one road—a steep winding horse and wagon trail that leads from the town of Springfield, about 5 miles away, through a forest of chaparral, to the river. It is an isolated spot that can be reached only by this road or by the river. There is no crossing of the river at this spot. It is an ideal place for a "city of refuge," which "no decent woman could be prevailed to accept" as her home. Sacramento, from where they packed the rosewood cradle is about 80 miles distant, as Harte indicates in his story. Harte names the local saloon "Tuttle's grocery." Tuttle was a well known name in the area. Tuttletown was up and over the hill from Grizzly Gulch. Harte mentions that Kentucky and Tommy Luck after the flood were picked up by "a relief boat about two miles down the river." McLean's Ferry was about two miles down the river and there would have been a boat there to serve as a relief boat.

And historically this site is in harmony with Harte's descriptions. Harte

mentions the enormous wealth taken from Roaring Camp. The newspapers of 1851 bear this out.[16] The newspapers also report the disastrous flood of the Stanislaus in March, 1851, the date that Harte records in his story.

The San Francisco *Daily Herald* for March 15, 1851 reports, "We have received the most melancholy news from Reynolds Ferry situated on the Stanislaus. The boat was carried away together with three men of whom no intelligence has yet been received. Every ferry on the upper Stanislaus has disappeared."

We have taken the descriptions that Harte uses in *The Luck of Roaring Camp* and shown how the site at Horseshoe Bend matches them. Is there any other evidence that this might be the site that Harte had in mind for Roaring Camp? There is the evidence of settlement here. The foundations of many cabins can be uncovered and the walls of a larger building are partially standing. The ground here swells with the tailings from pocket mines along the gulches. Some tunnel mines still yawn on the hillsides. Many artifacts from the 1850's can be unearthed here.[17] There is evidence of flooding in the area on more than one occasion.

Lastly, there is the evidence from the Columbia map. In Columbia State Park Historical Museum there is a carefully drawn map hanging in a glass case[18] which shows the locations of the old towns and camps in the region. Clearly printed at the foot of Quail Gulch on Horseshoe Bend is the name "Roaring Camp." Attempts to ascertain the source of information for this location have been futile. One learns that this map was commissioned by the State in 1948 and it is the result of careful research into the history of the region.

I can only agree with the unknown researcher. This is the site of Harte's Roaring Camp. If you wish further evidence, I invite you to a very scenic but arduous walk down a steep mountain trail to a "triangular valley between two hills and a river."

NOTES

1. These and other adverse comments on Bret Harte will be found in Henry W. Boynton's *Bret Harte,* New York: McClure, 1903.
2. "Bret Harte," *Electic Magazine,* 1878, p. 371.
3. "The Notebooks of VanWyck Brooks," *American Scholar,* Winter, 1957-1958.
4. "My stories are true not only in phenomena but in characters." This is quoted from T. Edgar Pemberton, *Life of Bret Harte,* New York: Dodd, Mead and Co., 1903, p. 98.
5. George R. Stewart, *Bret Harte, Argonaut and Exile,* Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1931, p. 49.
6. *The Sonora Herald, The Union Democrat,* and the *Daily Alta Californian* were popular newspapers of the period.
7. A traveller in the region in the 1860's wrote, "The same gold run extended to Sawmill and Knickerbocker Flats. One long string of mining camps stretched away

to the source of the creek. Along the route in the thickest crowd fandangoes and faro and gambling houses were rampant." *Tuolumne County,* compiled by the Progressive Association, Sonora, California. O. F. Greeley, Secretary, 1901, p. 71.

8. This information appeared in the *Sonora Herald* and is listed in Hittel, *Scraps,* Vol. III, p. 661 L/2. I am indebted to Ruth Ann Newport of Sonora, California, for the privilege of using her excellent collection of historical material on Tuolumne County. Most of the newspaper references in this paper come from her collection of *Newspaper Abstracts.*
9. The quotations from *The Luck of Roaring Camp* are from the standard edition of *The Writings of Bret Harte,* Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1903.
10. "Robinson's Ferry became and still remains Melones. According to Bancroft its early years were riotous ones and one can safely credit the legend that makes it the Roaring Camp of Bret Harte's inimitable tale." Alonzo Delano, *Across the Plains and Among the Diggings,* New York: Wilson, Erickson, 1936, p. 177.
11. Bret Harte "elected to call Melones Roaring Camp." C. B. Glasscock, *A Golden Highway,* Indianapolis: Bobbs, Merrill, 1934, p. 281.
12. J. Ross Browne, *Reports on the Mineral Resources of the United States,* Washington: U. S. Government Printing Office, 1868, p. 59.
13. "Letters from Columbia, October 15, 1857." in Hittell, *Scraps,* Vol. III, p. 117.
14. "The next important point I struck was Jackass Gulch. I learned from men who were washing out some of the dirt for the 15th time and making good wages that at the least calculation, one million dollars was taken out of the gulch," in "Letters from Columbia, October 15, 1857," in Hittel, *Scraps,* Vol III, p. 117.
15. "From the mining regions Mr. Brown of Brown's Express arrived in this city yesterday and informed us that a flood carried away every bridge on the Tuolumne River . . . also every ferry on the upper Stanislaus . . . Travelers have been weather bound and have been collected by the hundreds at all shipping places on the river." *San Francisco Daily Herald, March* 15, 1851, p. 2, col. 6.
16. "Grizzly Gulch is turning out more gold than ever." *San Francisco Herald,* Feb. 8, 1851, p. 2, col. 6. In 1900 the mines in this area were producing three times as much as other favorable locations along the Stanislaus. They were producing $300,000.00 annually. *Tuolumne County,* complied by the Progressive Association, Sonora, California, O. F. Greeley, Secretary, 1901, p. 71.
17. Items that have been recovered from this site include trunk locks, crucibles, cooking pots, stone jugs, gold-measuring spoons, buttons, and mining picks.
18. This map is entitled "A Map of the Gold Mining Regions of California," by Owen C. Coy, California State Historical Association, 1948.

FROM HANNIBAL TO THE GOLD FIELDS IN 1849

THE REMINISCENCES OF CHARLES C. BRADY

PART III [concluded]

Edited By GLENN PRICE

Mr. Hill had seen or heard of a machine for washing out gold, that was a great deal better than the cradle or rocker, called longtom. There was no sawmill near, but Hill knew how to split puncheons, and a tree of cedar was cut out of which to split boards. The log proved to be easily split and enough was got out of one cut of the log to make our "tom." The log was twelve feet long, and the boards made from it were sixteen inches wide; one board for the bottom and one split in two made the sides, and we made three lengths. When in use, one end was elevated enough to give a sufficient fall to have a swift stream of water flow through it. At the lower end was a "riddle" of sheetiron with holes an inch [in] diameter punched in it, to keep all large gravel from going into the "riffle" box placed underneath to catch the gold. The earth was shovelled into the upper end of the "Tom" and as it was carried along down by the force of the water, it was stirred with a rake till all clay or earth was dissolved and the stones and gravel cleansed by the time it got to the screen where it was shovelled off. The "riffle box" was emptied at night, the contents being the heavier sands and small gravel, and "panned out." That is, all the sand and small gravel washed out leaving the gold in the pan. This required some skill and I was the one called upon to do this as I had become more adept than the others.

We in the spring of the year 1850 went into a company of twelve men to work a claim in the middle fork of [the] American river, and after [a] meeting held on the mountains bordering the river we sent Mr Hustead, president of the company, down to the river to stake out a claim that we had agreed on to locate. Husted [sic] had put up notices as he said at the upper and lower end of the claim, and to hold it some of the company had to reside on the claim. Bro John and I were chosen; and we made our camp near the mouth of cañon creek.

The water of the river was still high from melting of snow in the mountains and we stayed on the side nearest our winter quarters. When the water had become low enough to cross safely, I went over to look for some favorable place to mine, and found a tent on the riverbank on our claim occupied by two New Yorkers—Irishmen—who told me that they were holding down a claim and were at the upper end of it. Their claim lapped about a hundred yards on our claim as we had thought we had located, and they showed me our notice. It was not where Mr Husted said he had put it. So we sued the company to recover our claim. They proved that they found the notice where they had showed it to me, so we lost the best part of our claim.

We tried that first summer to work part of the claim by turning the water through a canal we dug thorugh a gravel bar. Finding that the water soaked through the gravel we had to line the canal with sail-duck; it took nine hundred yards and cost nine hundred dollars, and we had to buy it on credit too, as the company had no money; we were buying our provisions on credit too. We finished our canal and built a dam to turn the water into it, but had to pump the water out of some holes in the bed of the river before we could do any mineing. It took us several days to do this but as soon

as we could we sunk a hole ten feet square down to bed rock, or nearly down, and had done no washing when dark[ness] stopped work.

Next morning there was twenty feet of water over our work. There had been an early snow in the mountains and then a rain. All our summers work went in the night. That was not all either. We owed for the canvas and provisions, about twenty-four hundred dollars, and winter coming on. The members of the company scattered out hunting dry diggins to try and make enough to buy provisions for winter. Some stayed on the claim, and waited for the water to get low enough to work on the edge of the river. The water fell fast and was soon low enough to put in a wingdam which would enable us to work on the upper end of the bar that we had dug the canal through. The company got together and we built the wing dam and began work on the gravel bar. We had to keep two pumps going to keep the water out of our diggins. At first along we didnt strike any rich pay dirt; was only doing fairly well; but before a week passed we struck it rich and washed out over fifteen hundred dollars a day for three days, and before rain set in again had got out enough to pay our store bill and nearly enough for to buy our grub for winter.

As we couldnt mine on the river the company broke up for winter and each looked out for a place to winter in where there was a probable chance to do some mining between rains. Four of us including John and myself, found an empty cabin and moved into it. We stayed in it about a month but found no good mining, and as John's health had grown worse, we moved to Greenwood to be near a Doctor. His health grew worse and I wrote to father, who had been working carpentering, in Sacramento, to come up. He came and got a man to take John and board him. There was only the man and his wife keeping house, so it was a nice and quiet place. John continued to grow worse and died in March.

I got the office of Postmaster at Greenwood. It didnt pay much, but Hart & Laner clothing merchants offered me seventy-five dollars a month and board—board was fourteen dollars a week—if I would move the P. O. into their store. I went.

Father had gone in with several men and bought a claim on Poverty bar. Some rich diggins had been struck on the bar. They hired men to do the work on the claim and built a boarding house, hired a cook to do the cooking and took in boarders to help pay expenses. At the end of the season the claim was worked out and they came out about even on the claim but the loss on the boarding house was nearly fifteen hundred dollars.

Near the end of this reminiscence, Brady notes that he was back in Hannibal after being away for five years. It is not surprising that Brady did not account for each of the years he was in the gold country, writing these memoirs so many years later. Apparently he was in Greenwood for most of the time. The position of postmaster there provided a steady income, and the reports he heard of the possibilities in the mines up and down the Mother Lode, did not induce him to leave that post. The Hannibal *Daily Journal* of April 29, 1853, published a letter which he had written to a brother there, in which he gave his assessment of the prospects for miners. It appeared on the editorial page, with the comment: "We are indebted to a friend for the following interesting letter from California":

Greenwood, Cal., March 10th, 1853.

Dear Brother:

You are posted up on the affairs of this country much better than I can inform you by letter, if you get the papers I send you, for I send them often. But there is one thing

they do not speak of—that is the prospects of the mines. They do speak of them, but not truthfully; for they generally speak highly of the prospects ahead, of new diggings being struck, of certain districts paying well, and of 'miners doing well' in others. Well, miners may be doing well in many places, but there are many more where they are not doing so well. Many in this vicinity are 'doing well' now, and have been all winter; that is, they have been making from four to seven and eight dollars per day; that, if reported in the papers, would be, 'the miners around Greenwood are doing very well.' But if they told the rest of the tale, they would say there are many more that have made scarcely board, and still work on, because they cannot find any better diggings. And this is the case all over the whole country. You may think the tone of my letters is pretty much the same on this subject, and that I stretch the case. But if the truth were told by everybody, you would soon be convinced. Folks, when they get out here and find this state of affairs, do not like to write home about it, for fear their friends would think they were discouraged, because they did not find things to suit their highest anticipations. Such may be the case, too, and it is because all is not told by those who go home from here. If they go home with nothing, they do not let it be known, because it would be said, 'they did not work;' and if they go home with some money they will not let it be known how much they have, for other reasons. And the reason so many come out here is, they argue with themselves in this manner:—'If Mr. Such-an-One has made his pile out there, I may too, and if Mr. So-and-So has not made much, he never could make money, and did not work rightly;' then they will make up their minds that the chances are much in their favor, of making a fortune, and if they could not, they soon could make enough to go home again. They soon change their minds after they get here, though. Many doleful faces we see here, belonging to new comers. Some work a few days, give it up and go home; others go without working or trying the mines at all. There are some, however, successful, and work away, saving money every week, but the majority do not make much. Many old miners who came out in '48 and '49, are still here, and as poor as ever; they are either unsuccessful, or have spent their money, and find it very hard to make more; others have lost in buying claims and trying to make more. What do *they* write home? most of them the truth, no doubt; but few receive it, and that few do not believe. Man is a contrary animal, and will only be taught by experience. How quickly he is taught out here!

You will no doubt like to know my idea of the prospects of miners for the coming season, after my writing the above. Well, I think the prospects are poor. The river mostly will be flumed again this summer, both in the same places that were flumed last year, and those that were not, because the miners have had more experience in river mining, and will work some places where, a few years ago, it was thought they could not. But their working them does not argue that they will pay, because an average of claims on the Middle Fork of the American, last year, would show a loss; yet this does not prevent them from working the river again; for every time they try it they think that it will certainly pay the next season, because labor and lumber and provisions will be cheap; besides, they did not work to an advantage, so they will keep trying. The Dry Season will soon be here again, and between the Wet Season and Dry there is a dull time all over the whole country. The water giving out in the Dry Diggings stops the operations in that quarter, and the miners have no resource but the rivers, and they are not in a state to be worked for some time after the Dry Season sets in, in consequence of the melting of snow in the mountains. The water falls slowly, and does not become low enough for river mining, until about the middle of July or first of August; so there is a considerable length of time that many are content if they make 'grub.' Some think that the facilities for mining are increasing because ditches are being dug over the country for the purpose of bringing water to places that are only available in the rainy season. But, to take a correct view of this, you would

see that the mining is gradually working into the hands of capitalists. Some say that it is favoring the poor miner, but it is actually monopolizing the mines by having the power to let miners work the best ground by paying for the water privilege. They are not so independent now, because diggings are not so scarce, but let good mines become so, and they will then compel the 'poor miner' to pay just what *they* please for water. The shares of the largest canal companies are getting into the hands of monied men. The best diggings now take capital to work. They are 'hill' or 'tunnel' diggings, and a man has to have some few hundred dollars before he can prospect a hill. The way it is generally done, a tunnel is run into a hill that looks favorable, to a distance of from fifty to three or four hundred feet, until they strike a 'bason' or dig in the 'bed-rock,' which, if they find, pays sometimes, and sometimes does not. One tunnel may pay, and another, right alongside, prove a failure. So, if a man intends to follow this as his branch of mining, he has to have money, if he fails once or twice, he must try again, he may hit it the next time.

C. C. B.

In that summer and fall of 1853, however, Charles Brady's father made enough to pay their passage home. The reminiscence continues, following immediately upon the account of the loss on the operation of the boarding house:

Father then bought into a river claim above Poverty bar. He had a great faith in it and bought another share from a man who had become discouraged. The claim proved up rich and when worked out each share holder had more than six thousand dollars. Father then wanted to go home, but was affraid of winter storms on the ocean, and waited till spring. In March he went to San Francisco to engage passage on a steamer, as that was the only way then to get back to Mo. The weather still was stormy and it was the first of June when we engaged passage. Father had met a Mr Garrison who had an interest in the Vanderbilt line and was persuaded to go that route, which went through Nicaragua. The steamer sailed on the first of June at two o'clock and just before the time I remembered that I had left by pocketbook and some coins and other valuables under the pillow of my bed in Oakland across the bay. On my way to the steamer I was told the ship wouldnt go till four o'clock, had to wait for delayed mails. I took the chance to go accross on the ferryboat to Oakland, and I made the trip, getting back to San Francisco just before the steamer started. There was a crowd coming off and as many going on, and as I was crowding along on the gangplank I passed the landlord of the hotel in Oakland going off, and he told me he had left something under the head of my berth for me. When [I] had got aboard I looked there and found a pair of calfskin leggins, and a pair of Mexican spurs.

Before leaving San Francisco a man to whom I had loaned some money, handed me five 'slugs,' fifty-dollar coins. They were bothersome, to carry and the Pursur woudn't put them in the safe for me, and getting tired of their weight in my pocket I put them in the bottom of the sachel that held my dirty clothes and left [it] lying open on the floor of our stateroom.

I am getting along too fast with my story. After father had been in San Francisco a few days he wrote me to come down and bring the gold dust; he had left it with me in Greenwood. I had made a stout sack of sail duck and with a strong handle to carry the dust in. The gold was in leather sacks tied tight and sealed, and was pretty heavy. I started for Sacramento early one morning in March. The weather was unusually cold, the water in little creek and branches being frozen solid.

Three other passengers were in the stage coach, Wm. Rousch, Dr Det Cohea and Captain French. At Centerville we had breakfast and changed coaches. The passengers who came up were chinese and they took passage in the coach that we came down

in which was stronger and was used in the mountains. After we had been on our way from Centerville, Mr. Rousch asked me where I kept my pistol. I studied a little while, then told him that it [was] under the seat cushion in the coach going back to Greenwood. He chaffed me a short while, then handed me the pistol. He had seen me put the pistol under the cushion and had taken it out before we went in to breakfast.

I stayed a day in Sacramento, and then took passage on the steamboat McKim for San Francisco. The boat arrived in the city at nine o'clock in the evening, and it was quite dark and I was affraid to go up into the City, as the water front had a reputation of being full of thieves. I hid my sack of dust under the foot of my berth and fastened the stateroom door with my knife and laid down in my clothes to stay till morning. I didn't intend to sleep, but got into a doze and someone knocking on the door waked me. I called out "who is there" and Mr Hart—who I had clerked for in Greenwood answered me, I knew his voice. He told me that it [was] very unsafe to stay on the boat, that it would be safer to go up into town.

We went up the wharf without seeing anyone and kept the middle of the street. Mr Hart [was] taking me to some friend in business who had a safe in which I could put the gold dust till morning, the banks being closed, it being between ten and eleven o'clock at night. Mr Hart took me into a store where there were seven or eight Jews, unmistakable, all with strongly marked jewish features. My first thought was that I had gone into a trap; but upon second thought I felt easier for I knew Mr Hart was of strict integrity. After a sleep in a Hotel, where Mr Hart and I took rooms, we went to the store where I had left the gold dust and got it all right, and carried it to Adams & Co and had them put it into their vault.

Adams & Co Express did a banking business in San Francisco. They bought gold dust and shipped to New York, twice a month. The newspapers failed to publish the shipment to Adams & Co once, and their [*sic*] was a run on their bank by depositors, a great crowd of them. A young man, an acquaintance with myself went to look on. We went up into the third story of Wells Fargo & Co which was on the corner opposite Adam & Co, and out upon a balcony, where we could look down and see what was going on. Adams & Co had made their shipment and the run on them was pushing them close to the wall, but Wells Fargo & Co were helping them; from our balcony we could see how it was done. The depositors would draw out their money from Adams & Co and most of them would go accross the street and deposit with Wells Fargo & Co. They would load it into a wagon in the alley behind their building, and send it arround to the rear of Adams & Co. So the money was just going arround in a circle.

Now we will go back to our steamer—the Sierra Nevada—a new vessel it was. We steamed out of the Golden Gate a little before sundown. The weather was fine and the ocean quiet. I didn't feel any symptoms of sea sickness but father and I were out at the guards or railing looking out on the sea and talking about the looks of the sea, when all at once he turned white and said "I believe I am" but got no farther but leaned over the rail and began to heave. It didn't last long and he went and lay down in his berth. I didnt get sick nor lost a meal and father was not sick again.

We had a smooth voyage to San Juan Nicaragua, the landing port on the Pacific side of [the] route. There was twelve miles of land travel accross the divide from San Juan to Virgins bay on lake Nicaragua over a good well graded and gravelled road, and we had been promised mules for this crossing; but when I and another young man went to the companies office to get our mules we were told that on account of an insurrection going on, the mules had been taken to the mountains for safe keeping, but they would be there in two hours. It was then about the middle of the afternoon. We waited but the mules didnt come. After sundown we went to the office to learn at what time they would be on hand next day and were told that they would be there at nine o'clock, and we went back to the tavern to spend the night. On our way back

to the tavern the young man and I were talking about having to wait for mules as we went along, and at a corner of the street some men were standing. Just before we got to them one called out a challenge, but we paid no attention to it and kept on. Then one jambed his musket down on the pavement making a racket. Still we kept on talking and after we passed, one said to another, "only cussed North Americans," and the young man said, "Why they were soldiers and barefooted." They were sentinels.

We went back to the tavern to spend the night. Our beds were hammocks swung between the rafters under the roof, and we had a good nights rest. The tavern was a small affair kept by three children. The oldest a girl 18 years old, her brother 16 and a sister 14. They had started for California with their mother, she died before the ship got to Nicaragua and they stopped at San Juan. They said they were doing well making more than a living. At nine oclock we went to get our mules. They hadnt come but were promised them at eleven oclk; at eleven o'clk we were told that they would be there at two. This time they were there with packsaddles on and rope stirups.

On our way to Virgins bay we saw a wagon loaded with baggage had back[ed] off the road down to the bottom of a ravine sixty feet or more below the road. On top I saw a boxed shawl, which I had sewed up in a red blanket and I wondered if I would ever see it again.

We got to Virgins bay just before the last load of passengers were taken out to the steamboat in a flatboat. The water near shore was too shallow for the steamboat to get near the bank. I didnt have time to get anything to eat at Virgins bay, and was hungry, but could get nothing to eat on the steamboat. The weather was hot and the boat crowded, with no place to sleep. When dark came I hunted for a place to get a little sleep and on the lower deck I found some sacks of coffee piled near the engine and I sat down and leaned back against them. In a little while I suppose I went to sleep, when someone punched me in the side and asked me if I wanted something to eat. I said yes and he handed me a banana. Next morning as soon as it was light enough to see I looked to see who was my neighbor. It was a very black negro boy.

It was ninety miles down the lake from Virgins bay to the entrance into Nicaragua river and one hundred and fourteen down the river to San Juan del Sud (of the South). About half way, we men had to get out of the boat and walk a piece on account of a rapids in the river. At the foot of the rapids was "Castilla"—castle—where [we] had dinner, a good one too. There was roast beef, roast mutton, roast turkey and boiled ham, and several kinds of vegetables including boilled cabbage all brought from New York, all for a dollar apiece. And I think I got my moneys worth as I was so very hungry.

We had to get out and walk again after leaving "Castillo." This time we [had] to follow a path through the woods, with the undergrowth so thick on the sides that you couldnt stick your arm into it, and hot. How I sweatted.

When we got to San Juan the steamer was ancored in the river about a mile from its mouth and a floating dock too, onto which we got from the steamboat. When I got off the boat onto this dock I saw our baggage in the pile just unloaded from the steamboat.

The voyage from San Juan to New York was without incident on a smooth sea.

I was carrying my shawl box I had sewed up in a red blanket, holding it high on account of crowding in going down the gangplank to the wharf, when I was halted by a customhouse man and taken into a stateroom back on the ship where there was two more customs men. They asked me very shortly what was in the box. I told them, and they ordered me to open it. I got my knife out and began to cut the stitches very slowly. They ordered me to hurry but I couldn't, my knife was so dull and I had only cut a few stitches when they got up and handed me the box and said go.

We went to a hotel not far from [the] steamer pier, and found it a good one. We stayed in the city two days. I didn't go about much . . .

We went to Albany by evening boat, which started from the city early enough for us to see much of the scenery along the Hudson river before night set in. We arrived at Albany a little before sunrise and soon took a train on [the] New York Central R.R. for Buffalo where we arrived about sundown. From Buffalo we went by steamer to Cleveland, Ohio, by night on a fine lake steamer, arriving at Cleveland in the early morning. We got a good breakfast there and went from there to Cincinnatti by railroad. We stayed over a day in Cincinnati. There was no boat for St Louis only a small sternwheel boat and we wouldnt start in that for St Louis, but went down to Louisville where we were told the Chrystal Palace was. She was not at Louisville, and we were told that she was at Shippingsport below the falls. We concluded so walk down as it was only five miles. When we got there, the Chrystal Palace was there, but laid up on account of low water, so we had to go in the sternwheel boat. She was nearly new and a good traveller, so we had a good trip to St. Louis. I[t] was in the early part of the night, and fourth of July and we came in sight of the city about six miles below, and could see rockets firing all over the town, a very pretty sight.

We stayed in St Louis two days as father had a niece living in the city and some acquaintances also. Cousin Eliza Adams said if we would wait a day she would go home with us. Father took passage for us on the regular Keokuk and St Louis Packet companies steamboat which started at four o'clock P.M. I went to Elisas to accompany her to the boat, and on our way a slight shower drove us to shelter in a doorway for two minutes, and when we got to the steamboat we were just that much behind time; they were hauling in the gangway and didnt stop for us. We were on time next day.

Father getting home a day ahead of me made it known over town that I would come by next days boat and a number of former friends were on the wharf to greet me. I walked off the boat, and up the wharf and home without a greeting. I was not recognized. I had but little beard when I left home five years before, and now I had a full beard.

. . .

This winds up my narrative which may be of some slight interest among kinfolk after I have passed away.

Charles C. Brady

[End]

THE PACIFIC HISTORIAN

UNIVERSITY OF THE PACIFIC
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Editors { Reginald R. Stuart
Grace D. Stuart
Glenn W. Price

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RAYMOND COLLEGE

On Saturday, April 29, 1961, ground was broken for Raymond College, first of the Oxford-type cluster colleges at the University of the Pacific. This institution will be limited to 250 students who will live together, plan together, and work together. Generally speaking, their courses and academic experiences will be similar. It is expected that the first class of this new college will begin work in September, 1962

JEDEDIAH SMITH SOCIETY DIRECTORS

A breakfast meeting of the Directors of the Jedediah Smith Society is called for June 24, 1961, at the Sonora Inn at 7:00 A.M. President Gerlough and his staff have several new ideas they wish to polish-up for use during the coming year. The date and place have been chosen because they coincide with the annual meeting of the Conference of California Historical Societies.

WESTERN AMERICANA LIBRARY

The Library of Western Americana is growing at a pace which will make mandatory additional quarters in the near future. During the past month two gifts of unusual importance have been added to the collection. Donald McLaughlin of the Stockton Schools presented a rare collection of beautifully printed books from the presses of Grabhorn, Nash, Lawton Kennedy, and other fine printers. Jack D. Turner, President of the Central Valley Hardware Company, donated one of the rarest of regional histories: *History of Stanislaus County,* San Francisco. Elliott & Moore, 1881.

HISTORY FOUNDATION INSTITUTE

The History Foundation Institute for 1961 was run according to schedule on March 17 and 18. Consensus of opinion seems to be that this was one of the best of the past fourteen years. We extend our sincere appreciation to all participants.

JOEL E. FERRIS

Again, we pause to pay tribute to a departed friend and historian. Joel E. Ferris, distinguished citizen of Spokane, died December 14, 1960. Among his many other activities, he was a valued member of the Jedediah Smith Society.

CORRECTION

A typographical error crept into the February issue of the *Pacific Historian.* On page 15, second paragraph, last sentence, "Ned Cowan" should have been "Ned McGowan."

LOOKING FORWARD TO THE 1961 CONFERENCE PROGRAM

AT COLUMBIA, JUNE 22-24, 1961

By R. Coke Wood

Although the details on local arrangements have not been completely worked out and adjusted with the program provided by Dr. Clarence McIntosh, Mrs. Tillie Sheatsley, Chairman of Local Arrangements, has sent the following agenda:

Registration headquarters will be at the Sonora Inn at Sonora on Thursday afternoon and Friday morning, June 22-23. All delegates should check in at the lobby of the Sonora Inn when they first arrive and get their instructions about reservations and meetings.

The Columbia State Park is about four miles from Sonora and the first session of the Conference begins there on Thursday evening with an outdoor reception and program at the home of President and Mrs. Robert E. Burns of the University of the Pacific. The program will be centered around the culture of the local Mi-Wuk Indians. The speaker will be Mrs. Marie Rozier who will display an extensive collection of Indian baskets and artifacts.

The Board of Directors of the Conference of California Historical Societies will meet at 8:00 P.M. on Thursday night at the recently completed Eagle Cottage. On Friday morning the sessions will begin at the Fallon House Theatre in Columbia. Most of the meetings will be in this old theatre that dates back to 1854 and is used each summer for productions by the drama department of the University of the Pacific. The luncheons and Friday night's dinner meeting will be held in Angelo Hall next door to the Columbia House. The meals will be served by Mr. Bill Clever, Manager of the Columbia House.

Mrs. Sheatsley has planned a supervised tour of Columbia State Park under the guidance of the superintendent, Mr. Wes Cater. She feels sure that all the delegates will want to see the fine work done by the State in the restoration of the old buildings, especially the most recently dedicated one, the red schoolhouse on the hill.

An auction will be another feature. We are asking again that the members of the Conference support our auction with suitable items such as books, maps, souvenirs, and brochures.

For reservations please address your letters to Mrs. Tillie Sheatsley, Route 1, Box 679, Sonora, California. The complete program and the reservations information will be in the mails shortly after May 1st.

[*Continued from page 51*]

known to him from previous study in school or college. He now feels compelled to read some of the national history he has heretofore by-passed. Having done this, he returns to his search regarding men and events in the place of his immediate concern, and in particular concerning his forebears. Now he catches meanings in seemingly unrelated material that not only reflect upon his subject but which direct his thinking to some burgeoning ideas regarding the greater historical events. The larger story needs to be modified, for what the genealogist-historian sees is that the sweep of history set down by national historians has filtered out matter which also gives meaning—perhaps new meaning.

It is the lattice-work criss-crossing of genealogical data with historical record that impresses the reputable genealogist with a fact sometimes known to the true historian: genealogical research uncovers hidden historical sense.

[*Continued from page 68*]

120. Information furnished by Nannie Callahan Dunn.
121. Information furnished by the late Rose Emmett Clayton.
122. Douglas County Commissioners' Records.
123. Walling, p. 512.
124. Information furnished by Howard Weatherly.
125. C. H. Mattoon, historian, in the *Baptist Annals of Oregon*, 1905, wrote: "He [West] was an energetic man, and one of the founders of the Umpqua Academy, and helped to start and further that movement, and had he lived, would have tried to make it a Baptist school."
126. This was a subscription school which later became Umpqua Academy.
127. William Royal's unpublished diary gives minute details of this first Independence Day celebration in Douglas County.

[*To be continued*]

Designed and Printed by Lawton Kennedy

THE HISTORY CALENDAR

May 21, 1961

Sixth Lynnewood Conference

June 22-24, 1961

Seventh Annual Conference California Historical Societies, Columbia

June 10 - July 20, 1961

Summer Session, University of the Pacific

August 30-31, September 1-2, 1961

Annual Meeting, American Association State and Local History, Palace Hotel, San Francisco

September 17, 1961

Seventh Lynnewood Conference

October 6-7, 1961

Tenth Annual Northern California-Southern Oregon Historical Symposium, Ashland, Oregon

October 15, 1961

Eighth Lynnewood Conference

November 4, 1961

Jedediah Smith Society Fall Rendezvous, University of the Pacific

April 6-7, 1962

Fifteenth Annual California History Foundation Institute, University of the Pacific

April 14-21, 1962

Fifteenth Annual California Missions Tour